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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be generally fair and cooler.

The bolting department of the Prohibition party seems to be in prime working order.

Amos Rusie firmly refuses to come to terms, and is acting very much like a petrifed giant.

It is to be hoped that the Police Commissioners will succeed in getting on to the Fourteenth street curve.

In the future Comptroller Bowler and the Constitution will be regarded as two separate and distinct institutions.

It is claimed that the smallest perfectly formed man lives at Springfield, Ohio. Mr. Platt, however, continues to locate him at Canton.

Hon. Warner M. Miller inclines to the belief that the Republican nomination for Governor would constitute just about the proper armor for him to fight Platt in.

Comptroller Eckels is going about the country advising the Democrats as to the best method of getting out of the party. Mr. Eckels is also a high authority on jumping out of hacks.

Secretary Herbert is getting the Government craft ready for the annual junketing parties. This is but one of the logical results of placing small men in large places.

Logan Carlisle is said to be the only man in Washington who wears one of his father's campaign buttons. Evidently the buttonholes of the country are not yawning with Carlisle enthusiasm.

With a free silver platform at Chicago and a straddle at St. Louis, the character of the men who are to take to the woods would be quite different from what the original programme contemplated.

If Mark Hanna demonstrates that a Presidential campaign can be successfully conducted by a "business man" at the head of the Campaign Committee, the politicians will soon be forced to disguise themselves as "business men."

As Mr. Platt says he doesn't want to ride on anybody's band wagon, and as the driver of the only band wagon in sight says he doesn't want Mr. Platt for a passenger, it would seem that there is no use in prolonging the controversy.

It is not necessary for Johnny Milholland to transform himself into a sandwich man and parade in the vicinity of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue in order to convince Mr. Platt that the inevitable is bearing down upon him with a funnel-shaped motion.

GREATEST LONDON.

Londoners are feeling some disappointment at the fact that their new municipal census shows a slight slackening in the rate of increase of the population of the metropolis. They take comfort, however, in the reflection that the outer suburbs beyond the jurisdiction of the County Council are growing faster than ever, the estimated population of the Metropolitan Police District being 6,308,000.

For generations the "city," which used to constitute the whole of London, has been losing population, its space becoming occupied by business establishments and its inhabitants moving beyond its limits. Now the new administrative "County of London" is approaching the saturation point, and the surplus residents are pressing further still.

It used to be thought that such a process would soon reach an impassable limit. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. L. U. Reavis wrote a book to prove that St. Louis was destined to become the greatest city in the world. Incidentally he remarked, as one who states a self-evident truth, "In twenty years London will cease to grow. In fifty years New York will cease to grow." The twenty years have passed, and London is growing faster than ever. Where is the limit of possible expansion to be placed?

So far as we can see, nowhere. There is no apparent reason why London should not grow until it has absorbed all England, and then why it should not keep on growing toward the sky. The difficulties to be overcome in providing food supply and transportation for four million people in ancient Rome were greater than they would be in caring for four hundred millions with

modern facilities. Within the next twenty years it is probable that a commuter will be able to go from any part of England to the centre of London within two hours. A man can already talk over the whole kingdom by telephone. The next generation is likely to lose the sense of the distinction between country and city. The whole civilized world will become suburban, with more closely built nuclei for shopping and amusement purposes conveniently scattered over the general surface of villas and gardens.

A DECORATION DAY LESSON.

Writers with a fondness for figures tell us that 10,000 people—including boys and girls—marched proudly in the Decoration Day parade. Withal twelve men carried off the honors, evoked the cheering enthusiasm of the multitudes that lined the streets.

Perhaps nothing in our commonplace American life can appeal more forcefully to the man of sentiment than this annual parade of veterans of the civil war—men who have breathed the storm of shot and shell and weathered it. Demagogues have made them their prey, pension agents have brought them into disrepute, politicians have now and then aligned them as a united and forceful body on the wrong side; but withal the people admire, respect, even venerate them. When with tattered battle flags in hand they parade the streets he is a poor patriot who fails to do them reverence.

But in Saturday's parade it was not the veterans who brought the people to the cheering point, who made men's hearts leap into their throats, and stimulated that patriotism which is best because it is not confined by geographical bounds. A handful of men, dark of skin, clad in cotton clothes, armed with clumsy swords which looked as though beaten from reaping hooks, marched without brazen music or fire or drum bearing the standard which has still no place among the recognized flags of the world—the standard of Free Cuba.

From Central Park to the Washington Arch a mighty wave of cheering followed the flag which typifies the latest effort to establish democracy on this Continent. Americans who may not at the moment have thought of the Boston Tea Party, of Lexington and Concord, of Paul Jones and the first flag of Free America, of Valley Forge and the possibility that what our forefathers hoped to make a revolution might still be but a rebellion, looked on this flag and cheered for liberty in the South as their grand-sires cheered and fought once for liberty in the North.

It is more than a pity that the President of the United States might not have been put in a carriage and driven down the line of march near these representatives of the Cuban patriots. For him it would have been a liberal education. He would have learned from the demeanor of the people on either side of the way that the freedom of Cuba has become to them an ideal, an ever present ambition. He would have seen twelve men in buckram with a flag evoke more enthusiasm than he as chief executive of the nation can hope to arouse. He would have discerned, in short, that Decoration Day was made a day of protest against his policy of turning the cold shoulder upon liberty and exalting the narrowest and most cruel of all monarchies.

It is indeed unfortunate that President Cleveland could not have joined in the parade of the veterans. But, after all, it is not the first time he failed to march with them.

THE TRIUMPH OF ASTOR. Shivering with bliss on the pinnacle of earthly achievement, bathed in the purple sunlight of glorious publicity, William Waldorf Astor to-day looks down upon the mannikins that comprise the rest of the population of the globe, drunk with the satisfaction that the realization of an exalted ambition brings to the strong man who fights and wins, where the craven and the weakling fail. Part of Saturday, all of yesterday, all of to-day and part of tomorrow His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is the guest of William Waldorf Astor, the Prince of Cads—no little distinction in itself—at stately Clevedon, overlooking the Thames Valley, which Mr. Astor has hired from a British duke.

Mr. Longfellow has informed us that the heights by great men won and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night. Mr. Astor's achievement is a striking illustration of the poet's words. With a single purpose in view, Mr. Astor has toiled wearily up the slope of high endeavor. Nobly setting aside such trifles as patriotism and manhood, he has fearlessly devoted his great abilities and wealth to the accomplishment of his ideal. Putting from him the paltry duties inculcated in citizenship under a Constitution whereby men are created free and with equal rights, he has boldly championed the cause of royalty and established his proud privilege to bend the knee in the presence of a sovereign perhaps to be.

One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name, and Mr. Astor finds his reward in the

proud knowledge that he is the envy to-day of every other cad in the civilized world.

IN KENTUCKY.

The victory of the free silver men in the Democratic primaries in Kentucky is interesting and perhaps instructive.

Kentucky is now enjoying—or perhaps suffering—the first Republican Governor in its history. The time honored political policy of the State was overturned when P. Wat Hardin kicked over the gold platform on which the Democratic party had perched him, declared for free silver and set out to make the welkin ring. The welkin did ring, but it was with the dying walls of the rash Hardin and of Senator Blackburn, who has lost all but his principles—thereby differing from Secretary Carlisle, who has kept all Blackburn lost and lost all Blackburn kept.

Now in the face of that defeat—a reverse seemingly due to their candidate's declaration for silver—the Democrats of Kentucky come gallantly again to the scratch. This time they will have no befogging of the issue. They as a party declare for free silver at 16 to 1, and intend, so observers on the ground assert, to censure John G. Carlisle for his abandonment of his earlier convictions in favor of bimetalism. The redoubtable Hardin is to be made delegate-at-large. Carlisle was beaten in his own district. The chief triumph of the Administration forces was in choosing as a delegate to the State convention one W. C. P. Breckinridge, erstwhile a Representative in Congress, and famous chiefly for incidents in his life not mentioned in his autobiography in the Congressional Directory.

In short, the Kentucky Democracy has gone over, horse, foot and dragons—barring the footman Carlisle and that prince of dragons, Henry Watterson—to free silver. Will the enthusiasm of May carry the election of November?

The late Jay Gould would have been much amused at this Ohio plan of engineering a railroad wreck for a paltry \$2,000.

Secretary Carlisle has evidently been away from his Old Kentucky Home too long. "The old home aint what it used to be," judging from Saturday's primaries.

Our advice to London is to not ask Marce Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, to make a speech unless he is expected to say things which will make Ambassador Bayard quite uncomfortable, doncherknow.

Now that the Police Commissioners have taken in hand the subject of the reckless whirl of the Broadway cable cars around the Fourteenth street curve, we shall see whether the traction company will deem the matter more worthy of attention than when the only objectors to be considered were a few mangled citizens.

Miss Kate Field, whose death in Honolulu a fortnight ago is just reported, was not only a brilliant and sensible woman, but a kindly and lovable one. The biography of a woman who has spent her life in the exacting work of journalism is apt to be short and simple. If all that is kindly and creditable could be written about Miss Field which her friends know and love to tell, the literary monument to her memory would not be inconspicuous.

The 1,100 people crushed to death at the Czar's coronation were only a part of the tribute of hapless Russia to the Moloch of Imperialism. Sorrow came to many households from this disaster, death and weeping were the lot of thousands. But year after year the system which has installed Czar and enabled them to spend tens of millions of dollars in meaningless pomp and ceremony has kept Russia poor and kept Russians hungry. How curious it is that to get a free mug and a loaf by way of largess Russians by the hundreds should go to their deaths, while for liberty never one has sacrificed a finger.

We flatter ourselves that this is a free country, and we attract immigrants from Europe on that assumption, and then, just when our complacency is at its smuggest pitch, some humiliating incident occurs to prove that we are really hardly better than slaves. Yesterday, for instance, a confiding lady from Italy, trusting to our undeserved reputation for liberty, asked a compatriot of her acquaintance to kill a man for her, and when he started out to do this trifling favor he was arrested. Actually arrested; and not only that, but taken to a police court and fined \$10. And the police even kept his revolver. And still people say we live in a republic.

It is asserted with much definiteness that Mr. McKinley has determined, if elected, to issue a proclamation on the day of his inauguration convening Congress in extra session on the 15th of March for the purpose of revising the tariff. Whatever effect such a proceeding may have on the prospects of the Republican party, it is certain that Mr. Cleveland missed the opportunity of his life when he failed to take similar action after his own inauguration. If he had called an extra session in March, 1892, to abolish the McKinley "culminating atrocity of class legislation," instead of wasting the first priceless months of victory, enthusiasm and good will in peddling out offices, he could have secured a genuine instead of bogus tariff reform, and he might have been still at the head of a united and hopeful party.

Criminal Mysteries of Belgium.

Brussels, May 23.—Despite the wealth of details which the newspapers publish daily on the mysterious case of the Rue de l'Arbre Beait, the judicial inquiry which has been opened on the subject makes very laborious and slow progress. The sole thing which seems certain is that the victim's son, M. Leon Herby, had nothing whatever to do with the crime, while the servant in the house, who was at first suspected of complicity, has now been released from temporary surveillance.

The discovery of a band of criminals having for their leaders several ex-officers of police has caused an immense scandal in Belgium. It is known that the brother of the Brussels police and that for several years the two exercised the profession of private detectives. With a little imagination the public have associated countless other police officers with this criminal band, but there seems no reason as yet to suspect the majority of them. On the other hand the Courtols band has been charged with all the crimes committed in Brussels in the last few years and whose authors have never been found. Courtols is suspected of having organized the jewel robbery of the Countess of Flandre, of having assassinated nine years ago a widow named Massin, in the Rue de l'Empereur, of having tried to establish a clandestine distillery, of having attempted to take over the carrying of a railway train, of having assassinated the Brussels lawyer, M. Morel, who happened then to be in the country, and whose servant only owed her life to a mere chance.

The authorities have inquired into all these crimes and have found numerous indications involving Courtols in suspicion of having participated in most of them, but on the other hand it is difficult to establish his participation in the tragic affair at Ixelles. It appears that there is reason to believe that Courtols, Restiau and Deroy took part in the jewel robbery of the Countess of Flandre, that his brother, Restiau, Smith and Bonnard were mixed up in the attempted establishment of the secret distillery; Alexandre Courtols, the chief of the band, bears a startling resemblance to the description of the individual who was seen at Morel's house and who, moreover, this being a singular coincidence, declared his name as Adolphe Van Laer. These two names were familiar to Courtols; his brother is called Adolphe and his neighbor Van Laer. Finally the letter written by the false Van Laer to the lawyer Morel, and which furnished him with an excuse for getting into the house, seems to have been dictated by Courtols. As regards the crime in the Rue de l'Empereur, the authorities have just discovered that Alexandre Courtols was a close acquaintance of the servant of the murdered Mme. Massin, and that this servant had subsequently gone to Mme. Herby's. This important witness, however, died at the hospital last February. The portrait of Courtols has been shown to various patients and to the staff of the hospital, two of whom have recognized him as the man who frequently visited the girl shortly before her death. Here, however, ends all the information which the judicial inquiries have gathered and which, moreover, can be reduced to simple conjectures. Up to the present, in fact, the sole certain piece of evidence which can be adduced against Courtols is that he sold tide deeds, which form part of the proceeds of the Ixelles robbery. But this transaction he simply explains by asserting he undertook it on the order of a third party, who paid him a good commission. At first it was thought that the principal actor in the Ixelles drama, but it now appears that he is on the eve of being released owing to lack of sufficient evidence. Moreover, the horse and the mysterious carriage which served to convey the strong box to the fields in the northwest of the town, where it was emptied and thrown away, have not been discovered.

In short seven persons, of whom one is a woman, are actually under arrest, and although it may be presumed that several of them will have to explain to justice certain facts concerning the Ixelles jewel robbery and other criminal transactions of less importance, it is unquestionable that up to the present the authorities possess no real proof of their culpability in the Herby affair, which is as mysterious now as on the first day. Every hour, moreover, the mysterious element is becoming more complicated. At this very moment the authorities are much perplexed by the discovery in the papers of Alexandre Courtols of a little card written in hieroglyphics, as follows:

Herby 06 gr devant
 Malfait rue du Chaudron
 23.03.

These signs are on the back of a carte de visite belonging to Restiau. Now all that can be understood from this is as follows: Fifty-six is the number of Mme. Herby's house in the Rue de l'Arbre Beait; Malfait is the name of a winemaker keeper, whose establishment was occasionally visited by Restiau and Courtols; 23 is the date on which the crime was committed and the Rue de Chaudron does not exist in the Brussels Street Directory. Courtols will not furnish the key to the mysterious card, and the authorities are looking for some one who can decipher the legend.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Granville Stuart, United States Minister to Uruguay, is making an inspection of the large beet extract factories in Montevideo in the interest of American trade.

Ex-Congressman Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, is said to be slated for the mission to France if McKinley shall be elected. Mrs. Storer was one of the Longworts, of Cincinnati, is several times a millionaire, and Mr. Storer himself is also the possessor of a comfortable fortune.

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, will spend a large part of the next two years in England. She will become, it is said, the tenant of Ditton Park, the late Duke of Buccleuch's beautiful old place near Windsor, now belonging to Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu.

Mme. Faure has been much alarmed lately by a considerable increase in the number of threatening letters received at the Elysee, and it is said in Paris that her influence is not among the least brought to bear on her husband to induce him to resign the Presidency.

There is a curious coincidence about the place where the late Shah met his death. On last week's spot some years ago a number of soldiers presented him with a petition asking for arrears of pay. The Shah was furious at their temerity, and ordered that they be tortured where they had addressed him. Some were strangled and others had their eyes cut out.

It is to be regretted that a picture of the coronation of Czar Nicholas for the city of Paris on a canvas thirty-three feet by twenty-four.

Edgar Gibbs Murphy Discourses of Ducks.

"Twenty-one ducks with one barrel is not," said Edgar Gibbs Murphy, as he regarded the last speaker kindly, "what one would call bad. Yet in the face of what I've experienced it's a farthing to a fortune."

"Experienced in the duck line?" asked the man who had killed twenty-one ducks. "In the duck line," replied Mr. Murphy, confirmatively, "decidedly in the duck line."

"It was one morning at the clubhouse; height of the duck season, you know, Ducks had been whirling and whistling all night; air was full of 'em. It was almost thunderous, the sound they made."

"I couldn't sleep, the uproar of ducks was so incessant. At 5 o'clock I rolled out. Ducks had quieted down; gone into the marshes, you know."

"It was hardly light, just gray and blue with coming dawn, when I stepped from the front porch of the clubhouse. I had my ten-gauge Greener, six drams powder, ounce and a half of shot. Oh, I was loaded for bear!"

"Yes, I understand all about your sixteen gauges. They are all right; but this was some time ago, when they weren't so fashionable. Even now, however, when my gun is a very serious I prefer a ten gauge. While I'm undoubtedly the widest wag in our set, still I have moments when life is real, life is earnest, and one of them is when I've turned out at 5 o'clock on a raw morning to lay waste ducks."

"So, as I say, I had my ten gauge Greener. I led down to the lake, and, casing off, I shoved my light shallop from shore."

"I didn't know you hunted ducks in a shallop," said the raconteur who had killed the twenty-one ducks. "No, I suppose not," remarked Mr. Murphy. "Your notion now would be to hunt ducks in a canal boat. However, we won't discuss that. I want say it is my invariable practice, but whenever I feel like it I go for ducks in a shallop. This happened to be shallop day with me."

"Go on," said a listener, "never mind about the breed of the boat."

"I shoved my shallop from shore," resumed Mr. Murphy, "and, while it was not yet light enough for me to discern my prey, I could hear ducks all about me in the sedges and reeds. They were conversing in low, guarded tones about private affairs of their own, and I made no attempt to overhear or remember."

"By the subdued gabble about me, when I was fifty feet from shore, I was made aware that I was in the midst of a giant concourse of ducks. Canvasbacks, all of 'em. It must have been a mass-meeting of these splendid water fowl. I've never happened on its like since."

"I stopped my shallop, and organized to flush my birds. This was simple. Any noise, no matter how produced, which served to interrupt the current of a duck's thoughts, will serve the purpose. All I did was to take a paddle and lam the side of the shallop."

"As I brought the paddle along the starboard side of my boat with a crash that woke the echoes on the other side of the lake, the din of ducks as they came booming out of the sedges sounded like the best effort of a boiler shop. I couldn't tell duck from duck. They were a confused jumble. The air was alive with them. The little light of coming day went out. The ducks hung in the air so thick and deep that it made all as black dark as the result of the Holmes law."

"But I knew it was ducks. And I knew where they were. I never lost my presence of mind for a moment, and a bit later I wished I had."

"As the ducks swarmed from the sedges, I pointed my gun toward the zenith—at least as nearly as I could, I pointed toward the zenith—and let her go. Unhooked both barrels; bang! bang!"

"It was the worst thing I ever did. Not a second seemed to elapse before something soft but positive struck me on the head and my light went out. I've a confused notion of an avalanche which wavered in my memory just as I sank into insensibility."

"Oh, yes; it was ducks. I never knew how many. I took nine men to dig me out; that's all I know about it, and a conservative person who helped exhum me from my grave said they lay ten feet deep for forty yards all about. They retrieved me alive, however, and carried me up to the house, where I slowly revived. All agreed that no such slaughter of ducks at one swoop had ever been heard of in the Jersey coast. It made the record, and stands for it to-day."

"I should have supposed such a downpour of ducks would have swamped and sunk that shallop of yours," said the man who killed twenty-one ducks.

"Don't harrow your soul with wild conjectures about that shallop," retorted Mr. Murphy, a bit severely. "I'm telling a duck story. One would suppose from your continuous excitement over the shallop that this was a sea tale by Clarke Russell."

D. Q.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

In "Dartmoor," by Maurice H. Harvey, Frederick A. Stokes has republished an English story filled with melodramatic material. The most interesting part centres in the prison which gives the book its title. The hero is a young man of phenomenal strength and social position, who resists all propositions to restore his shattered fortunes by his going on the stage as a "strong man." He has other calls on his strength, as this interesting story shows.

With Regard to a Half-American Cad

Lady Randolph Churchill's son, Spencer, who was recently in this country, once on his way down to Cuba, and again on his return from thence, seems to be bent on acquiring as great a notoriety for all-round offensiveness as his father enjoyed when a young man. The late Lord Randolph, up to his twenty-fifth year, although brilliant, was, socially speaking, the most unpleasant and impossible young man that it is possible to conceive, and his son shows signs of an ambition to tread in his father's footsteps in this particular. Just at the present he has come prominently before the public as the ringleader of a particularly disgraceful attempt to force a very estimable young fellow-officer of his regiment, the Fourth Hussars, to leave the army. This young officer bears the name of Bruce, and, while at the Military College at Sandhurst, won the chief prizes for fencing and shooting. Moreover, he belongs to a good family, and receives from his father an allowance of \$4,000 a year. He graduated from Sandhurst with honors, and was appointed to a Lieutenancy of the Fourth Hussars.

Before he joined the latter, he received an invitation from one of the subalterns of the regiment to dine at the Nimrod Club. His eight fellow-guests consisted of junior officers of the regiment. On the conclusion of the dinner, young Spencer Churchill, who had been a schoolmate of Mr. Bruce at Sandhurst, speaking on behalf of the junior officers of the corps, informed him that he had been invited to the dinner in order to let him know that he was "not wanted" in the regiment. He was asked what his allowance from his father was to be, and, after replying, was told that it was insufficient to "go the pace of the regiment." Mr. Churchill went on to state that another subaltern had recently been compelled by his brother officers to quit the regiment because he could not "go the pace," and intimated that, as they had got rid of him, they would get rid of Mr. Bruce, too, intimating that if he did not choose to make a graceful exit now, he would probably make a disgraceful one before very long. Mr. Bruce, although taken aback, as might have been expected, since a man does not ordinarily expect to be talked to in so insulting a fashion when he is asked out to dinner, informed his hosts that he had no intention of giving up his military career to oblige them stating that if he were offered another regiment he would take it, but that otherwise he intended to join the Fourth Hussars.

On the following morning he reported the matter to the adjutant of the regiment, the colonel being absent. But nothing was done, and shortly afterward he joined. He soon found, as was to be expected, that he was under a sort of boycott directed by his former schoolmate, Spencer Churchill, and that no opportunity was lost of making things unpleasant for him. He devoted special attention to the shooting of the regiment, personally coached a team for Riscy, with a result that his regiment won the Duke of Cambridge's Challenge Shield, and himself carried off the Loder prize at the rifle ranges, without, however, receiving one word of commendation or recognition from any of his brother officers.

A short time ago the incident occurred which has been used to force Mr. Bruce out of the army. He was on duty one night as orderly officer, and the only officer in barracks. While going his rounds, the sergeant-major of his squadron informed him that there was a Balclutha veteran of the regiment at the sergeant's mess, and asked deferentially if he would not enter and say a few words to the man, especially as it happened to be the anniversary of one of the Crimean battles in which the regiment had covered itself with glory. Mr. Bruce readily consented, chatted a few moments with the veteran, drank a glass of whiskey and soda to his health, and then returned to his quarters.

Three days later, to his amazement, he was summoned into the colonel's presence, and, after being violently taken to task by the latter, was placed under arrest on a charge of "improperly associating with non-commissioned officers." After being kept under arrest for three weeks without trial, he was brought before the general in command of the district, Lord Methuen, who, without listening to what he had to say or giving him any chance to explain matters, told him that unless he sent in his papers of resignation within twenty-four hours he would probably be dismissed from the army. He asked to be temporarily released from arrest in order to consult his friends and his father, from whom he had kept the matter until then owing to the dangerous illness of his mother. This request was denied, and the young fellow, his spirit at length broken by the persecution to which he had been subjected for well-nigh a year past, complied with the demand of General Lord Methuen, and sent in his papers of resignation, a victim of the spite and the intrigue of his old schoolmate, young Spencer Churchill.

The matter is now about to be brought before Parliament, and the utmost indignation is expressed on every side at the treatment to which Mr. Bruce has been subjected; so that it is quite on the cards that Spencer Churchill may, in his turn, be called upon to send in his papers and resignation for behavior in this particular "unbecoming to an officer and to a gentleman."

A couple of years ago, Spencer Churchill, while still a mere schoolboy, distinguished himself at the Alhambra in London by standing up on his chair in the orchestra seats during the midst of the performance in order to denounce, with much vehemence of language, the social purity crusade, which was at that time in progress, defending the frail sisterhood known as "the social evil," and upbraiding in the most bitter terms Lady Henry Somerset and those other ladies who were associated with her in the agitation. It may be added that Mr. Spencer Churchill had been dining, which may possibly account for the fact that, oblivious of his tender years and entire lack of experience of the world, he put himself forward as the champion of the demi-monde. It was very ridiculous, and created much laughter at the time. His present break, however, causes not laughter, but indignation.

Again the Deadly Blight.

[Detroit Tribune.]

The deadly blight of treason appears to be in condition to land a few more body blows upon the councils of the leave in the hour of their night.

Arthur Hoeber.

The Jester's Chorus.

"How did I manage to sell such a costly picture?" repeated the artist, with a low, rippling laugh. "That's something of a professional secret, but I don't mind telling you, I made it in the form of a folding bed."

Recollections of the Lambs.

Philip had filled the old habitué's glass up for the fifth time, and the ancient boy was quite mellow. A far-away look came in his eye as his thoughts seemed to go back over the years. We settled ourselves down in our chairs, knocked the ashes from our cigars, or lit fresh ones, and gave him our attention.

"Time was," he said, musingly, "some good thirty years ago, when the Lambs' Club was first started, that their Sunday night was probably the most delightful Bohemian rendezvous ever held in this town, taking one back to the old literary, artistic and theatrical set in the Cafe of Harmon, of which Thackeray wrote so pleasantly in the "Screwdriver." In those ancient days we met in a room over the old Hungarian Restaurant in Union square, and we were not more than two scores, all told. Lester Wallace, splendid in his vigorous manhood, elegant in his manners and intellectually entertaining, presided over the moving spirit of the entire affair. He was a born leader, and we all of us unconsciously deferred to him. Harry Becker, of old Lydia Thompson days, subsequently Mr. Wallace's low comedian, was a sort of general director of the club, managing matters with tact and discretion. His jolly face, witty sallies and general good-fellowship, made him a deeply popular figure. Harry Montague, then in the height of his vogue as the leading young man of the New York stage, was simply idolized by men and women alike, and merited all the admiration for a more simple, genuine, manly fellow I never knew. Dear old John Gilbert was a constant attendant, too, who could tell a tale, sing a song or join in a hearty laugh with the equal enjoyment, and, even for a moment, look so quiet, simple and dignified which was characteristic of him and which he kept to the end of his days."

"Dear me," mused the talker, "what a splendid set of bon vivants! Here came John T. Raymond, who could spin a yarn that would double you up; Jimmy Williamson, who crowded him hard; or good old Billy Florence, who, in manner, exact of sorts, his wit, his calm, his information, John Jefferson, too, would drop in and join the circle, and John Brougham was constant in his coming; both were always listened to with the closest attention. Why, fellows—after his glass—was a motion to Philip to take after him—'It was a liberal education to mingle with that crowd. Ned Holland was one of the reliable at a dinner, or a meeting. He could give a wide song, give a recitation or tell a story full of humor, and in those days he was laying the foundation for his future career as a responsible utility man at Wallace's, now and then startling everybody with the careful elaboration of some modest part, in which he would discover unthought of possibilities, and which, in his hands, in dress, conversation and recitation, seemed to glow with a veritable jewel in the general setting of the piece."

"Then, among the laymen, were Jack Stow, who could pull delightful harlequines out of the piano or conceit a Welsh rabbit that was as smooth as a politician's promise before election; John Balestier, the good-natured secretary; the two Wallace boys, Arthur and Harry, and Arthur Sewall, who married Mr. Wallace's daughter, a musician, a composer, a painter, a musical critic and some players of lesser note, with a sprinkling of well-known men about town, made up the company. Every one had some quality to recommend him; members were conservative in their ways and manners, simple in their pleasures, and there were no excesses. But there was no lack of fun, no stint of enjoyment, and all within bounds. Jack Stow, who was my neighbor, got to excited over our hilarity during a Sunday night dinner. These we held every two weeks, and they were red letter nights. Thirty or more men at table, and nobody stupid."

"Old stages," the talker went on, "will recall Maurice Barrymore, a few years younger than he is now—it isn't at all necessary to state that I was a member of the club, but I was fresh from his university course in England, where at Cambridge he had more than held his own at single stick, the fells, various athletic sports, but in particular with his fella. Gracious, what a good looking chap he was then! He too, was making havoc with the matinee gig; though, alas for the sex, they were not last things that bothered his youthful brain, for his heart had gone out to George Drew, the clever daughter of a clever mother, and he married her a little later. Well, Barrymore was quick with his hands and brooked nonsense to those days no more than he would now, though possibly the years have brought experience and mellow judgment. He had been out West, in some manner, with a traveling company. Some of them had gone in a restaurant for bits of supper after the play. There were ladies in the party, members of the cast, and as they sat down to eat some blackguard made an insulting remark, with the result that Barrymore promptly thrashed him. The coward, however, got up, whipped out a pistol and poor Maurice was laid low with a single wound in his shoulder that was near the death of him. Sold himself nursing, careful attention and medical skill, aided by superb health and vigorous manhood, saved him, fortunately, but he came back to New York a wreck of his handsome self to console."

"The papers were full of it at the time," continued the old habitué, "and great was the indignation. I shall never forget the Sunday night when he was turned up at a Lambs' Club dinner, shortly after his